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Editorial.

THE MERITS AND DEMERITS OF ISLAM.

(First Article.)

LIVING, as we do, in a country where Christianity has got the upper hand, we are too apt to forget that there are countries where our religion has strong, terrible, unconquered, and we almost feel at times, unconquerable rivals. We do not refer here to low, degraded forms of idolatry. We refer to systems of faith that are, some of them older than, and others nearly as old as Christianity, and which are strong in the affections of their people, and fortified by the learning, and wealth, and zeal, and power, of their fanatical adherents.

What are these systems? There are, to-day, face to face with Christianity, and presenting to its claims the most determined opposition, three great systems of religious faith—Judaism, a system once good and great, but now out of date and out of joint in the upward progress of God's church, numbering about 7,000,000 of people; Islam or Mohammedanism, a system of political Unitarianism, numbering about 120,000,000 of followers; and Hindooism, in its two great branches of Brahminism and Buddhism, a system of pantheistic idolatry, which to-day stretches from the Ganges to the utmost confines of China, holding in bondage some 500,000,000 of the human race.

The second of these vast systems of error, viz., the religion of Mahomet (or Islam), is of great interest to us, not only from its connection with the Eastern Question, but also from its romantic history, and the strange mixture of good and evil, gold and dross we find in its doctrines and practices. We propose, therefore, in two articles, to pass in brief review the leading points necessary to be understood to form a fair estimate of Mahomedanism, under the following heads: The native country of Islam—its first people—its prophet—its teachings and their value—its apostles and missionaries—its probable destiny—its voice to our own Dominion.

THE NATIVE COUNTRY OF ISLAM.

As one sails down the Red Sea, he finds to the east a desolate country of bare, burnt, and jaggy hills, wild rugged valleys, and desolate, parched plains. That is the Arabian peninsula, famous in the eyes of Jew and Christian as the country where Moses was forty years a shepherd; where the law was given from Sinai amid thunder and lightning, and where Israel wandered for forty years. That country, from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea, is about four times the size of France. Portions of it are green and fruitful, but the greatest part of it consists of sharp and naked mountains, interspersed with wastes of level sand, scorched, without shade or shelter, by the direct rays of a tropical sun. It is not only a treeless, shrubless, country, except where irrigated and carefully tilled, but it is a country without rivers, without lakes, without springs, except in some fortunate spots. Of the thirty days stations between Cairo and Mecca, fifteen are without good water. The hardy plants that grow in the clefts of the rock, depend on the night dews for their nourishment, and men and cattle depend for water on wells, on cisterns, and on the few brooks that run in the rainy season.

This country is the home of the locust, whence they often issue (as from the sandy desert east of the Rocky Mountains on this continent,) to lay waste the surrounding land. From this very land a strong east wind brought the plague of locusts on Egypt—"the

east wind brought the locusts." It would, certainly; for Mecca lies almost in a line directly east of the first Nile cataract, where Egypt ends and Nubia begins. Noting this fact, it can be seen at once how fitting the figure in the Book of Revelation which compares the Saracens to locusts. "*And he opened the bottomless pit, and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace, and the sun and the air was darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit: and there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth.*" Rev. ix. 2, 3.

This country, an important point to Mahommedanism, is also, in the opinion of naturalists, the native country of the horse, which, at any rate, there attains to the highest degree of spirit and swiftness, so that in comparison with this Arab breed, the horses of Europe stand only, as they say in the east, in the *tenth* rank. The importance of this point will be noted hereafter; in the meantime let us note again how fitting, therefore, the words of Revelation—"And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared for the battle."

THE PEOPLE.

Having glanced at the country, let us notice now the people. Various wild tribes and races had their home in Arabia, but the descendants of Ishmael, Abraham's oldest son, came at last to the front as the predominant race in the peninsula, where they now hold undisputed sway. From their father, Abraham, they inherited noble qualities. Like him, they were once believers in the true God; they are, like him, given to hospitality. The stranger is always welcome to the tent of the Arab, who salutes him with, "*Salaam,*"—*peace*—placing his right hand first on his head, then on his mouth, then on his heart, signifying that as long as the stranger is under his care, he devotes to him his head, his tongue, and his heart. But from their mother, Hagar, and her Egyptian connections, the Ishmaelites imbibed an element of evil, and sunk ultimately into abject idolatry. The religion of the Arabs, when Christ was born, consisted in the worship of the heavenly bodies, and of idols of wood and stone. Their

sacred city then was Mecca. Here stood the Kaaba, a square chapel containing a black stone, the object of worship, to which then, as to-day, the faithful made pilgrimages on the last month of each year. It is well to note the melancholy fact of this universal idolatry, as this was the evil that first called forth the reforming zeal of Mahomet.

THE PROPHET OF ISLAM.

We are now in a position to speak of the prophet of Islam. Mahomet, an Ishmaelite, was descended from an old and powerful tribe, and from a respectable and sacred family in that tribe. To his ancestors for several generations belonged, as priests of their religion, the custody of the temple and stone of Mecca. That they were naturally a shrewd, sharp people, we can infer from a story told of Mahomet's grandfather. A Christian prince of Abyssinia attacked Mecca, and took the cattle of this man as spoil. A treaty was proposed, and the grandfather of Mahomet demanded as a condition that his cattle should be restored. "And why," said the conquerer, "do you not plead for your temple, which I have threatened to destroy?" "Because," replied the chief, "the cattle is my own; the temple belongs to the gods, and they will defend their own house." Which reply can be understood in two ways: either as shewing that he had great faith in the black stone, or that he had no faith. But that he had a sharp eye to his own interests is beyond doubt, in which point the grandson Mahomet strongly resembled his sire.

Mahomet's life divides itself into several stages, in each of which he appears in a new character.

Born in 570, he first appears as an *orphan boy*, under the care of his uncles, who did not, certainly, send him into the woods to die and be buried by the robins; but who cruelly allowed the boy to grow up ignorant of reading and writing, and who selfishly reduced the paternal estate of the lad to five camels and one slave. Then the boy becomes a *traveller*, and begins his education in the school of the world, and in the great books of nature, of providence, and of

man, books open everywhere and to every one that has eyes to see and a soul to understand. At the age of thirteen he visited with his uncles, the great fairs of Bostra and Damascus. We can scarcely realize what a feast to eyes, and head, and heart, these great cities, with merchants and wares from all Asia, must have been to a boy with the keen genius of Mahomet. Then the boy-traveller becomes a *wealthy merchant*, first as the servant of a rich widow; then at the age of twenty-eight as her husband, in which position he continued till he was forty years of age, earning a high character for honesty among men. As a merchant trading in the markets of Syria, and mixing with all classes, a man like him must see much; much also he pondered on religion, God, eternity. His habit was to retire, one month each year, from all worldly business to the caves of Mount Hira, where he spent the time in meditation and prayer. Suddenly, then in his fortieth year, he appeared in the character of a *stern Reformer*. From his mother, who is said to have been a Jewess, and from the traditions of his family, and some say, from the teaching of a Christian monk, the great truth of the spirituality, and unity of God, took possession of his conscience. In the derangement of his body, for he was liable to fits, and also in the disorder of his mind, for he was not altogether free from a touch of insanity, he imagined the angel Gabriel appeared to him, and sent him forth as the prophet of God to overturn idolatry, and preach that terrible gospel of Islam—"THERE IS ONLY ONE GOD, AND MAHOMET IS HIS PROPHET." He told his wife his divine mission. "I," said Kadajah, "will be the first believer." They knelt in the attitude of prayer. A child Ali, seven years old, seeing them, asked what they meant. Mahomet replied that now he was God's prophet, and that faith in him would open to men the gates of heaven. Ali believed and became the second of the faithful. How small is the origin of the mighty river of Islam! Who could imagine that a gigantic oak lay hid in that little acorn. It was three years before Abubeker and Othman, the successors of Mahomet in his kingly office, became converts. From his own tribe he met only with hatred and persecution.

They insulted him, spat upon him, dragged him from the temple by his own turban, fastened as a rope round his neck. His wife died, and his uncle, who, although an unbeliever, protected him, also died, and the hopes of purging Mecca of its false gods seemed to have utterly failed and for ever. He fled, took shelter in a cave with another, to whom he uttered the memorable words, as his comrade trembled at the idea of the two falling into the hands of the Koreishite band. "There are three of us; God and us two!" "At this eventful moment," Gibbon remarks, "the lance of an Arab might have changed the history of the world." This happened in 622, the era whence the Mahomedans date the rise of Islam.

The rigid Reformer next becomes a *relentless red-handed warrior*. He enlists men under a solemn oath to defend and assist him with the sword. "If we are slain in your cause, what is our reward," answered they. "Paradise," replied the prophet. In eight years after his ignominious flight, he took Mecca, entered the Kaaba, broke to pieces its 360 idols, exclaiming; "The truth has come; let lies disappear," and ordered the crier to proclaim, from the roof of the temple, "There is one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." There comes now in the life of Mahomet, an experience similar to that through which our blessed Lord passed, with an issue vastly different. The tempter came to him, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, saying to him, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Instead of rejecting the temptation he complied. He fell down to the prince of this world, and yielded himself up to ambition and its attendant vices, cruelty, robbery, deception, and lust. How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Mahomet was, no doubt, sincere at the outset, but his eye was not single, and the whole man ultimately became full of darkness. With his zeal for the glory of God, he mingles, alas, human pride and passion. It is a characteristic of evil men and seducers that they wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived. We must, henceforth, with sadness and abhorrence view Mahomet as

"A man

Who stole the livery of the Court of Heaven,
To serve the devil in."

Lord of Mecca, priest, prophet, and king of his people, he crushes the old idolatry, he wins over to his rising cause the heart and mind of all Arabia; he unites under his government, for the first time in their history, the divided hostile tribes, and then the Arabs also for the first time take their place among the nations of the earth, threatening, since then, again and again to become the ruling nation of the world. His army consisted only of ten thousand horse and twenty thousand foot; but such was their devotion to him, that they revered any hair of his head that dropped on the ground, and the very water in which he washed himself. By their aid he received the submission of all the tribes and cities from Babylon to Silah, at the head of the Red Sea. But the end draws near. At length, during four years the health of Mahomet declined, and in his sixty-third year, still strong in his delusions and assumptions, after an illness of fourteen days, his soul ascended to the judgment seat of God, saying, with a faltering voice, "O God pardon my sins. Yes . . . I come . . . among my fellow-citizens on high." As to the character of this man, let us quote the words of Gibbon, as on the whole fair: "From enthusiasm to imposture the step is perilous and slippery . . . the conscience may slumber in a mixed and middle state between self-illusion and voluntary fraud. Of his last years, ambition was the ruling passion, and a politician will suspect that he secretly smiled (the vicious impostor!) at the enthusiasm of his youth and the credulity of his proselytes." Learned men of late have labored hard to redeem Mahomet's character; but no unprejudiced mind will hesitate to accept the verdict of Gibbon, who, more partial to Mahommedanism than to Christianity, would have reported more favourable of the false prophet if he could, in truth, have done so.

The space at our disposal debars us from proceeding further, this month, in our review of Islam. In our next number we propose to discuss the five remaining points mentioned at the outset:—The teachings of Islam and their value—its apostles and missionaries—its probable destiny—and its voice of warning to our young Dominion.

Living Preachers.

HE BECAME POOR.

BY THE REV. MR. WRIGHT.

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." 2 Cor. viii. 9.



HO can measure the riches of Jesus? Yet, He became poor! And this, that we might be rich. Let us draw near and consider, reverently, two things of gracious import in this great business :

I. *The great depth to which Christ descended.*

What astonishment must have filled the angelic hosts of Heaven, when the Son of God began to lay aside His glory and His dignity, and to enter upon such a wondrous change of circumstances? We cannot suppose that this thing was a secret in Heaven. On the contrary, we have every reason to believe that it was done in the most public manner. And while all the armies of the skies are wonderingly enquiring into these things, a chosen band is sent from their ranks to apprise the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem of the incarnation of the Son of God; to tell them the glad tidings of great joy, that he has consented to become poor, and to assume the nature of sin-stricken and suffering humanity. And, my brethren, if there had been nothing more than His incarnation, this alone would have been a wondrous act of condescension.

Think of it! The Almighty God has become a creature! The Creator and Governor of the universe has become an infant of days! The Judge and Law-giver of the universe has become subject to His own laws! and He who, erewhile, had upheld all things by the word of His power, is now upheld in the arms of a feeble woman! But what is His condition? For surely it were an honor to our earth to give Him the best possible reception. What if the noblest of earth's queens should be His mother! What if the most splendid palace should be His home. What if His cradle should be of the choicest gold, bestudded with the richest gems, and His couch of the softest down. What if the very chiefest of earth's sons were selected as a guard of honor! Surely all this would be all too little to do suitable honor to such a distinguished visitant. But instead

of all this, what do we see? We behold the babe Jesus born in a stable, laid in a manger, and wrapped in swaddling bands, such as the poorest of the poor only can supply. But even his extreme poverty did not shelter him there. Very soon had both mother and babe to flee into Egypt, to find a refuge in the penury and privation of exile. We know very little of His youth; but we do know that, as He advanced in life, poverty—deep poverty—followed Him everywhere. Had He willed it, He might soon have become rich; for it cannot be doubted, that He could, at any moment, have commanded the riches of the universe, and they must instantly have obeyed Him. But no; He came to take and to keep the lot of the poor. His garment was such as was worn by the peasantry. Often did He endure the biting pains of hunger; and He was often parched with thirst, as when foot-sore and weary, He sat by that well, and begged a drink of water from the woman of Samaria. As for His companions, they were all poor men like Himself. He had no splendid retinue of liveried servants and princely attendants. As to His home, He tells us: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." How strange, that he whom the Heaven of Heavens could not contain, had now become so poor, that He was content to find a shelter from the midnight air, in the humble abode of some one of His disciples. And they had ample proof of the meekness of His spirit, as well as the poverty of His state; for He was nothing loath to gird Himself with a towel, and wash their feet. How poor had He become! Though by nature the sovereign Lord of all, behold, He condescends to become the servant of servants. Though myriads of holy angels would even at that moment have rejoiced to do His bidding; lo! He stoops to perform the meanest offices for the humblest of men! But we have not yet reached the severest penalty attending His voluntary humiliations. Rather, all that we have spoken of were but so many preparatory steps to the awful sequel. His very poverty was one chief reason why He was despised and rejected of men. Had He been rich and powerful, men would not have dared to treat Him as they did. Had Jesus of Nazareth come with all that splendour of wealth and power, and worldly significance with which the Jews expected their Messiah to come, we may well believe that he would have had a very different reception from the Jewish nation. Had he been rich and powerful and influential, they would doubtless have rallied round Him; they would have listened to His teachings; they would have extolled His miracles to the skies; and would have been ready to exclaim, "Lo! this is our Mes-

siah; we have waited for Him." Instead of all which, we have this lamentable statement: "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." Had He been rich and powerful, would the chief priests and scribes, and elders of the Jews have sent spies after Him everywhere, to watch Him and to entangle Him in His words; or to find matter of accusation against Him? We trow not.

Had He been rich, powerful, and influential, would they have sent an armed band to apprehend Him? Would Peter have denied Him, or would Judas have betrayed Him, had He been surrounded with pomp and circumstances? Or would Herod with his men of war have mocked Him, spit on Him, scourged Him, and buffeted Him? We think not. And even if He had been apprehended under any pretext, would He not have had a fair trial instead of a mock one, and an honorable acquittal instead of a sentence of condemnation? But He was a poor man inculcating new doctrines, contrary to the long-received opinions of the Jews; and His very poverty seemed to them to mark Him out as a deceiver and an impostor. No; were they satisfied till they had crucified Him between two thieves on the brow of Calvary. But in order to understand all that is meant by the expression, "He became poor," we must take into the account all that He endured in His state of humiliation and poverty, while He stood as our representative and substitute. We must take into the account all that He endured from the contradiction of sinners against himself; all the cruelty, contumely, persecution and opposition of ungodly and unreasonable men from the manger to the cross. We must take into the account also, all that He endured from the hand of Satan; whether in that forty day's and night's temptation in the wilderness, or in any previous or subsequent temptation of the devil. And chiefly we must take into the account all that Jesus endured from the hand of His own God and Father on our behalf. We must follow Him into that gloomy garden of Gethsemane, and see Him casting Himself on the cold ground beneath the shade of these gloomy olive trees; we must see Him sweating great drops of blood in intensest agony of soul; and hear Him pouring forth strong cryings and tears, exclaiming thrice, "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." We must follow Him to the cross of Calvary, and hear Him exclaim, with that doleful lamentation, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Ah me, He had become so poor as to be deprived of the sunny smile of His Heavenly Father—that smile which belonged to Him, of infinite right, from everlasting—that smile which was dearer to Him

than everything else in the universe, and instead thereof, the dreadful frown of Jehovah rested upon Him, and the holy wrath of God fell upon Him to the very uttermost. Surely "He became poor."

Notice: II. *The great height to which Christ has raised up to His people.*

It was "for your sakes, that ye through His poverty might be rich." Oh, this was grace indeed. I need not tell you that it was all grace; free, sovereign, unmerited grace and condescension, nor need I remind you that only they who truly believe on His name, are made possessors of the riches which he has procured for sinners. But every true believer, however poor in this world's goods, is really passing rich in the possession of the best riches that man can have. Oh, my fellow sinner, though you be as poor as Lazarus; yet if you have been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and have been made a child of God through faith in His name, you are really rich with enduring riches—richer by far than the mere treasures of earth could ever make you. To the believer, we can say in the language of the apostle: "All things are yours; whether the world, or life, or death; or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's." The Christian is rich in *present possessions*. He has pardon, peace, justification, and sanctification, with every needful blessing for this life.

He is rich in *promises*. The promises of God to His people are very many and very precious; and are applicable to every necessity of their immortal nature, and to every exigency in which they can be placed in their journey Heavenward; and they are all yea and amen to them who believe in Jesus. They are the faithful pledges of Him who cannot lie; and are all of full value, according to the kind and amount of blessing which they hold out to future realization. Do they promise light in darkness? It shall be given. Do they promise strength in weakness? It shall be bestowed. Do they promise comfort in affliction? It shall be realized in answer to prayer, in God's good time and way. Do they give assurance of final, triumphant victory over all our spiritual enemies? Such victory shall certainly be enjoyed by every true believer.

But to crown all, the believer is rich in *eternal glory*. The present riches of the Christian, great and precious though they be, shall fade into comparative significance, when once he shall be admitted within the pearly gates of the new Jerusalem; when he shall be permitted to behold the glories of the Lamb, amidst His Father's throne; when he shall mingle his songs of praise with the songs of just men made perfect; when he shall walk those golden streets, and realize

the glories of the kingdom of God, and of His Christ; and when he shall be enabled to say, in an ecstasy of pure delight, "all this glory and blessedness are mine through Christ, for ever and ever." Oh what raptures shall then fill the soul of the redeemed believer! None of us can know what it is to be in heaven. One hour of its full blessedness will be more than a counterbalance for all the ills of this life. Oh, believer, think on these things. Lift up thine eyes, thou tempted, suffering child of God, and seek to realize the glorious riches which are in store for you, through eternal ages. And meditate much on this text:—"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

Careless sinners, will ye be made rich with all the riches of grace and glory which Jesus has procured for poor sinners such as you and me, and which He now offers to us in His Gospel? Then come to Jesus. Cast your sins and anxieties, and fears, and all your cares upon Him, and He will give you rest. He will make you rich with treasures of inestimable value, and which endure unto eternal life and glory. Amen.

Poetry.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

["I enclose for your Magazine a very pretty piece of poetry—"The Golden Side," which I saw some time ago in a paper. I don't know who is the author. I am not giving you it exactly as I found it. I am changing it considerably, I think for the better; but still I don't want to claim any credit whatever. If you think it suitable, you might simply say that it was furnished by me. that the author is unknown," etc.—D. MORRISON.]

THERE is many a rest on the road of life,
 If we would only stop to take it;
 And many a note from the heavenly land
 If the querulous heart would hear it.
 To the the sunny soul that is full of hope
 Whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
 The grass is green and the flowers are bright
 Tho' the wintry storms prevailleth.

Better to hope tho' the clouds hang low,
 And to keep the storm still lifted,
 For the sweet blue sky will soon peep thro'
 When the ominous clouds are rifted.

There ne'er was a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be some text of precious truth
Revealed in its power from heaven ;
Or only the love of a little child
That is fresh and freely given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart.
And hands that are swift and willing.
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

"THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD."

Repeat the story o'er and o'er,
Of grace so full and free ;
I love to hear it more and more,
Since grace has rescued me.

Chorus.

The half was never told,
Of grace divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

Of peace I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest
Until the sweet-voiced angel came
To soothe my weary breast.

My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet ;
No real joy in life I know,
But in his service sweet.

And oh, what rapture will it be,
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of his love.

BY THE GRAVES.

'The place of graves, oh, where is that?'
 The earth is all a grave,
 Where men has trod, or sailed, or sat,
 City, or field, or wave.

'Oh, tell me then the place of life?'
 Beneath the living air
 The world is quick with buoyant strife;
 Look round you; it is there.

And life, the life is more than death,
 Oh, more a million-fold!
 Harken to what the Spirit saith
 Above the clay grown cold.

That word is in the living air,
 The word which cheers, which saves,
 But never sounds more clear than where
 The crosses mark the graves.

*E. Simson.**"NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE."*

FROM THE GERMAN OF SPITTA.

WHAT Thou appointest, I'll receive,
 And what Thou claimest, I will leave;
 Thy way, the path that I will take;
 What thou forbiddest, I'll forsake.
 I am content, whate're thy will,
 So we are undivided still.

I'd follow not my own desire,
 But to thy holy will aspire;
 As it directs, my actions choose,
 And ever selfish ways refuse.
 Led by thy hand, I thither tend,
 Begin, continue to the end.

Alas! how foolish should I be
 To trust myself, and not in Thee;
 Misled when I in self believed,
 A hundredfold I've been deceived,
 And found not in the paths I chose,
 Salvation, blessing, or repose.

Yet, Lord, Thou hast upon me thought,
 And all that's good and right hast wrought;
 How oft, unsought for, Thou hast come,
 To seek me, when my footsteps roam.
 Hadst Thou not, Lord, come after me,
 I never had returned to Thee.—*M. Watson.*

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

"Behold the Lamb of God!" John i. 29.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
When ends life's transient dream
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love
Fear and distrust remove—
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.—*Gay Palmer.*

"AFTERWARDS."

After the "toil and trouble," cometh the joy and rest;
After the weary conflict, peace on the Saviour's breast;
After the shame and sorrow, the glory of life and love;
After the wilderness-journey, the Father's home above.

After the night of darkness, the "shadows flee away;"
After the day of sadness, hope sheds her brightest ray;
After the warfare and struggle, the victory is won;
After the work is over, the Master's word, "Well done!"

After the hours of chastening, the spirit pure and bright;
After earth's dark future, all clear in the light of light;
After the "guiding counsel," communion full and sweet;
After the deep, still silence, words heard at Jesu's feet.


After the pain and sickness, all tears are wiped away;
After the "lillies are gathered," no more of earth's decay;
After the deep heart-sorrow, and end of every strife;
After the bitter cross, a glorious "Crown of Life."—*Sunbeam.*

Christian Thought.

ON THE EMOTIONS IN PREACHING.

[In our March number we gave, under the head of *Christian Thought*, an epitome of an address by Canon Ryle, on *Simplicity in preaching*, delivered before the "Church of England Homiletical Society," and this month we give a short outline of an address before the same Society by the Archbishop of York as reported in the "*Study and Pulpit*."

The Archbishop, Dr. Wm. Thomson, was born in 1819 of humble parents at Workington in Cumberland. He was educated at Oxford, taking classical honours. His essay on "Theism" attracted general attention on its publication. In appearance he is said to be tall and robust, and of manly bearing. His voice is clear and sonorous; his manner earnest, but he is lacking in enthusiasm. His income from the See of York is \$50,000 per annum.—Ed. C.C.M.]

E began (1) by impressing upon us the imperative duty and importance of endeavouring to make all our sermons effective and attractive, by remembering that we speak in God's name; every word that we say should be solemn and persuasive; and our hearts should be full of that tender emotion which was felt by our Saviour when He raised to life the widow's son at Nain, and gave him again to his mother. The English pulpit too much ignores and disguises emotion; and many a preacher feels ashamed to express it, lest he should be considered to be unmanly and effeminate. A wall of crystal seems to be erected between the preacher and the congregation, so that only a few cold rays from his heart can penetrate it, and reach the affections of the hearer. Our sermons should always be of such a kind as not to "break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax;" but on the contrary, should build up and elevate the Christian character.

2. The introduction should be compact, short, and should contain not more than three ideas, which should arise directly out of words in the text.

Very little time indeed, if any, should be spent upon the harmony of the Gospels, or critical exegesis, or explanation of difficulties. Also, when you have finished your sermon, it would be well to turn to your introduction, and prune freely.

3. Never assume an air and tone of superior knowledge and pretentiousness; be very careful also not, at any time, to assert any power of eloquence; divest your manner and language of everything which may

offend the taste of your congregation ; and let every sentence bear the impress of the subject which arises naturally from the text, uttered with vigour, force, and cultivated manliness, not with coldness, tameness, frigidity, nor yet with florid, unblushing effrontery and self-seeking ; but, as Cicero says of speech, let it be an " *Oratio temperata* ;" let it consist of the best ideas, expressed in the best words, in the best places.

You may make allusions to the leading incidents of the time, to be found in the market or the newspapers ; but you must express them with good taste.

4. The sermon, as well as the prayers and all the ordinances, should be in harmony with the church, which is the house of God. The most irreverent clergyman could hardly descend so low as to take an ordinary earthenware basin from the kitchen and place it in the font ; nor would it be seemly to spread in the church an old worn-out carpet, bought at the sale of a sea-side lodging-house-keeper. Good taste and propriety of sentiment should be conspicuous in every part of God's house. At the same time, you must not spend your best energies and strongest force upon trivial details and secondary thoughts. Love to God and love for souls should fill your heart ; and above all, avoid everything which is hollow, and every word which is fine and inflated. Remember St. Paul's sentiments : " Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

5. The French have a very good word, *unction*—unction ; but the English translation does not truly express the idea which it has in the French language. Cultivate it, for it will enable you to utter that warmth and tenderness of language which excites piety and devotion ; and your manner of doing it will be interesting to your congregation, and will affect the heart. The great French preachers did so, and became models of pulpit excellence.

Cicero, in his works, regrets that he himself was unable to touch and excite the heart as he might have done if he had spent more time and pains in learning the art.

Many an excellent man in the pulpit labours earnestly to *teach* and to *inform* the minds of his flock, but his lessons are lost, and his instruction falls upon inattentive ears. The soul which hungers after heavenly manna will go elsewhere if you offer it only the dry husks of scholastic ore. Excite emotion, draw out the best sentiments of the human heart towards God and man, through the Divine Redeemer, and move your people to holy love. A man was told that the Rev. Mr. Blank was a

preacher, whose sermons were full of common sense, and his reply was: "I don't wish to hear common sense; I can get that from any book containing the proverbs, maxims, aphorisms, and wise sayings of all ages. I wish to have my sins pardoned, my evil propensities controlled, and my love to my Maker made more pure and holy."

6. Let me also remind the members of the Homiletical Society that the pulpit is no place for dramatic or histrionic display, but to teach sinful men to love God.

7. The missionary's chief success arises from telling his hearers of the great love of Jesus Christ for sinful men, and of men's need of a Redeemer, and of an example of godly life. Therefore, emotion and love must be brought out before the congregation, and the frost of shyness must be thawed, so that the streams of love may flow freely and fertilize the waste place. Sober, real, chastened, unction will effect this; every sermon should be full of it; then will the beneficent love of God be excited in the heart, and the soul will overflow with goodness.

You must, however, be most careful not to put on an air of being *pathetic*, as this is contemptible, and will only bring contempt upon yourself.

8. Endeavour to acquire a knowledge of the human heart, and you will find that the fear of God, the love of Jesus Christ, the forgiveness of vice, and the *hopes* of the Gospel are the most powerful agencies for affecting the heart, and leading men to a better life.

Every man has a yearning within him to become better than he is; his own conscience tells him every day of his life that he is a transgressor; and if you tell him of God's mercy in earnest, loving words, his heart will grasp at, eagerly devour it, and feed upon it.

9. You may also safely lay it down as an axiom for pulpit use, never hesitate, never be afraid to ruffle the leonine hide of the wicked; men like to be told of their sins, and to be told of the more excellent way, lest the conscience become seared, and the love of unhallowed pleasure take full possession of them. Tell them often of Jesus; let them catch the echo of some hymn taught to them by their mother when they were young and innocent.

10. You may appeal to the sentiment of compassion, but it must be done with great care and judgment. Nothing dries more quickly than a tear. In your sermon never assume "a tear in the voice," as the French say. Let the *subject* dwelt upon evoke compassion, not the *manner* of the preacher. You may describe with minute detail a squalid room, the state of Africa, or the curse of drink. We are all human, and can feel for

others; we may, therefore, point to the chains and wounds of our fellow-men. We can tell them of the crown of thorns, and the agony endured by a loving Saviour, and that through His death they may "Go in peace; their sins are forgiven them." Overflow with love for souls; pray for unction from on high to enable you to win souls for Christ, and tell men to renew the sacred fire in the soul from the grace of the son of God.

Christian Life.

NATHANIEL PATERSON, D.D.

BY THE EDITOR.



ANY readers, especially in Canada, are not now familiar with the *Old Mortality* of Sir Walter Scott. This remarkable person, whose real name was Robert Paterson, a stone-cutter of the parish of Closebarn, Dumfriesshire, was well known in Scotland about the end of last century. At an early period of his life he adopted the religious views of the Cameronians (called also Hillmen) of Scotland. In the spirit of these faithful and fearless witnesses, Robert testified, to one of the stragglers of the Highland Army in its retreat from England to Glasgow in 1745, that the 'strong arm' of the Lord was raised against them for supporting the abominable heresies of the Church of Rome, for which speech the Highlanders plundered his house and carried him some distance a prisoner.

Making frequent journeys to Galloway to attend the Cameronian gatherings, Robert Paterson's enthusiasm in their cause increased, going out not only towards the living but also towards the righteous dead, whose dust had been gathered to their fathers, but whose resting-places in the country churchyards, and in lonely woods and moorlands lay waste and neglected. From his forty-fifth year, being then a married man with five children, till the close of his life at the age of eight-six, he devoted his whole time—about forty years—without fee or reward, to the task of erecting and repairing gravestones to the memory of those, who, in Scotland's "killing time" died for the faith. It is very touching to read the efforts that were made by the mother and children to induce the father to forsake his wandering life, and to abide with them in their humble home at the quarry of Gatelowbrigg. At one time, Willie, at the

age of twelve, was sent in search of his father. The little messenger, after wandering over a greater part of Galloway, at last found him in the kirkyard of Kirkohrist repairing the Cameronian monuments. The little fellow used all his influence to persuade his father to return to his family; but in vain. The mother, however, upon the pittance derived from teaching a little school in the upland village of Balmaclellan sustained her family, in which there were three sons, Robert, Walter, and John; but no entreaty could induce the old man to change his erratic life, and he continued to traverse the country, mounted on his old white pony, from churchyard to churchyard; the door of every Cameronian house open to him, till the last day of his existence, which came to him at the advanced age of eighty-six years.

His son John went to America, 1774, and settled in Baltimore. For a long time the story ran that, there he amassed a fortune, married, and by that marriage came into relationship with some of the noble families of England; and further, that his daughter Elizabeth was married to Prince Jerome the youngest brother of the first Napoleon, who became, subsequently, King of Westphalia. This story which has often gone the round of the newspapers, has been at length set at rest by the Rev. Nathaniel Paterson, an esteemed minister of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and a great-grandson of Old Mortality, who took the pains in 1878 to visit Baltimore, where in conversation with Mr. Pennington, the lawyer who drew out the will of Madame Buonaparte's father, he ascertained that her father's name was William and not John, that he was a native of Ireland, and not of Scotland, and brought up, not a Cameronian, but in connection with the Episcopal Church. We are glad that the story ends thus, for it would be no honour to the memory of the protesting patriarch, and hardly in keeping with his contempt of all the pomp and glory of this world, that a grandchild of his should enter into an alliance with the godless Buonapartes, "against whom the strong arm of the Lord," as he would express it, has been raised for their contempt of his laws and his Church.

His eldest son Robert, who was held in high esteem by his neighbours, lived, and we suppose died in the little village of Balmaclellan, where his mother struggled to make a living for her children, and give them a godly upbringing. He was known as a man of retentive memory and of information beyond men of his rank in life. Walter, the second son, the little messenger sent out to bring home the wandering father, became a stone-cutter, and died at Balmaclellan in 1812. He had two sons. "A strain of genius," (too highly toned in the old patriarch) says

Sir Walter Scott, "ran through this family." One of these, Walter, (the author, while yet a young man, of a poem entitled "*The Legend of Iona*," a beautiful but neglected poem, according to Professor Wilson,) unfortunate in an early attachment, left his native country and sought a home in Germany, where he earned a distinguished position as a teacher of English, but whence at length he returned, to be settled at Kirkard as a minister of the church of Scotland.

Nathaniel, whose memoir is before us,* the elder of the two, entered the University of Edinburgh at the age of sixteen, and having, through the kindness of Professor Pillans, secured work (along with Walter) as a tutor, they fought out, as the generality of Scotch students do, the battle of their own education without being a burden on their father. One winter teaching failed, and the two brothers took to playing cards in their room. Finding this amusement to interfere with their studies, they agreed to remove temptation for ever out of the way, by depositing the pack of cards in a glowing space made in the grate for the sacrifice. Having received license to preach, he became minister of the parish of Galashiels; and he tells us how his mental anxiety, the first day he preached, so wore him out that he fell, as the time of preaching drew near, into a deep sleep from which he was roused by the church bells calling the people to service, which he suggests may throw light to us on the sleep of the three disciples in the garden of Gethsemane.

Having had the misfortune to be raised in one of the districts of Scotland where spiritual deadness and darkness prevailed, he ignorantly entered on the ministry of the Gospel merely as a profession by which he hoped to advance his worldly interest. He had not yet seen the true end nor the true method of a Gospel ministry, and though he bestowed pains on his sermons, they contained nothing but the old, cold, moderate Gospel—"Do the best you can, and trust to the kindness of God to fill up what is wanting in your goodness." But the seed his pious mother sowed was not altogether dead, conscience was not satisfied, and in lecturing through the Romans, three years after his settlement, God's way of justifying the sinner began to dawn gradually on his mind, as the bright effulgence of the morning breaks on the traveller, benighted, faint, and astray. But something more was needed to decide the yet doubtful case. It came in God's good providence through her who for thirty-nine years was his helpmate and "the desire of his eyes."

* Letters to his family, by Nathaniel Paterson, D.D., of Free St. Andrew's, Glasgow, with a brief memoir by the Rev. Alexander Anderson, Helensburgh. Andrew Elliott: Edinburgh. Clougher Brothers, 25 King Street West, Toronto.

Margaret Laidlaw, the daughter of Robert Laidlaw, Esq., Peel, a playmate of the children of Sir Walter Scott, was brought under the influence of the truth when about sixteen years of age. Mr. Paterson, then minister of a neighbouring parish, called at her father's house, on one occasion, to ask Miss Laidlaw to be his partner to a charity ball. She gave his offer a very decided refusal, accompanied with very decided reasons, which made him reply, "It is a *charity* ball." "A ball for all that," replied the young lady. Instead of losing the esteem of her young friend, whose soul was just at that time entering on evangelical light, Maggie Laidlaw gained it to a higher degree, by her uncompromising attitude. "Her scruples gave him more pleasure than he would have received from the frankest compliance . . . The course of love, though true, this time did run smooth. In the kindest of letters the newly wedded pair received the congratulations of Sir Walter Scott. Mrs. Paterson's married life was eminently happy. Throughout the whole of it she maintained the ascendancy which manifested itself ere it had begun. Her influence was greatly blessed to her husband, both in his life and in his labours. After his marriage with one who had been in Christ before him and who sought to follow her Lord fully, his whole ministerial life showed a great change."

It is but the other day that an eccentric professor of Greek in one of the Scotch Universities called on the minister of religion in his land, to cast their narrow prejudices to the wind, and rise up and go to the theatre, taking of course, their wives and children with them. Scotland saw, once in its history, during the dark age of its church—the eighteenth century—a race of theatre-living clergymen.

"Hid close in the green-room some clergymen lay,
Good actors themselves—their whole lives a play."

Mr. Paterson used to tell a story or two of the godless ministers who patronized the theatre, but frowned on prayer-meetings and scoffed at missions.

"A young minister, soon after his settlement, was invited to a dinner at one of the manses of the Presbytery. In the course of the evening he showed signs of taking his departure, which awakened the astonishment of his host. 'What are you going home for?' said he, 'at this early hour of the night.' 'For family worship,' was the reply. 'Family worship!' cried the host in tones of contempt, 'We will teach you something different from that. Set down the Jeroboam.' This was a huge whiskey bottle, named in profane jest after him 'who caused Israel to sin.' Jer-

oboam was set down, and unhappily, the young man had not courage to resist. Ere long a promising ministry was blasted, and a premature death closed the scene.

“Profane swearing seems to have been as common as drunkenness. A gentleman in the neighbourhood invited a few friends to dinner, and amongst them a neighbouring proprietor addicted to this sinful habit. The host cautioned his guest beforehand that some clergymen were to be of the company, and that he had better restrain his tongue. As the dinner proceeded, and the guests grew merry, one of the clergymen uttered an oath. ‘Bless you, Sir, for that word,’ cried the hitherto embarrassed squire, rising up and offering his hand to the clergyman. ‘I have just been like to burst.’ After this there was no more restraint.”

But the dark night of drinking, swearing and theatre-going parsons was drawing near its close in Scotland. As the day was dawning towards the beginning of this present century, the brave men who had watched through the weary night in England, went home in rapid succession: Wesley dying in 1791, Bishop Horne in 1792, John Berridge in 1793, Wm. Romaine in 1795 and William Cowper in 1800. John Newton lingers a little to welcome the rising light, and to greet such men as Henry Martin and Thomas Chalmers. With Chalmers, whose tongue was loosened to preach the truth in 1811, came the reign of *evangelism* in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

The subject of this memoir, as has been remarked, came under the influence of this evangelical spirit. “As he prophesied he cried, Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live,” and a great change came over the parish of Galashiels. But he was destined for a larger sphere of usefulness; and removed to Glasgow in 1833, just as the great conflict began that ended ten years thereafter in the Disruption of the Church of Scotland. In this conflict he took a prominent part, and was Moderator of one of the General Assemblies of the Free Church. During his residence in Glasgow were written those exquisite letters to his children that comprise the bulk of this little volume. They are the productions of a man of genius; and whatever be the theme, he carries with him even a stranger, in his talk with his sons—two in Australia, and one in Canada—or with his wife and daughters in occasional absence from home. All through the night of his death, (which happened in 1871, in the 84th year of his age) while gasping for breath, he kept repeating:—“There are many mansions—many mansions—will come again and receive you—you to myself.”

Christian Work.

IN a recent article in the Contemporary Review, Cardinal Manning, tells the Protestants of England that the Church of Rome has entered on a new crusade. These are the days of popular government. Rome now having lost hopes of the kings, is turning its attention to the children. With this fact before us let us read a few extracts from the last annual report of

THE FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

"In last Annual Report it was shown that the Church of Rome in this Province was seeking to control the Government and Legislature, to obtain the entire management of the education of Roman Catholic children, and in other ways encroaching on the civil rights, not only of her own members but of Protestants.

In this respect she is unchanged; but it is not these civil wrongs, her exactions for Church buildings and uses, which are grinding down our rural population, her demoralizing lottery schemes, nor her tyrannical interference with conscience in the domain of politics, that this Society is specially called on to oppose—but its immediate concern is with her spiritual aggressions, her increasing efforts to enslave the people through saint worship and debasing superstitions, such as have degraded the populations of old Roman Catholic countries. It is with her determined efforts to keep from our fellow-countrymen the Word of life, which they are often taught is not from God but of the devil, fit only to be burned, and the reading of it entailing eternal condemnation upon them. It is because the Church of Rome virtually dethrones the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Mediator, and Head of the Church, and as King in the hearts and consciences of men, that this Society combats the system while seeking in love to save her members. It is because of our persuasion that she is that anti-Christian system described by the inspired Apostle (2 Thess. chap. ii.) as the "man of sin who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God," "even him whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders."

But, with what means is this enemy of God's Word and usurper of His sovereignty to be opposed? From the same Scripture we learn that

the "Lord shall consume him with the spirit of His mouth and destroy him with the brightness of His coming." It is not therefore by carnal weapons that her sway over the nations and power in the minds of men are to be destroyed, but by the Word of God applied by the Holy Spirit to the heart and conscience. Under this banner and with this motto, let us as a Society go forward with increased faith and zeal to the circulation and teaching of the Word of God, through our Colportage and Mission School agency, until in each Roman Catholic home the Bible has been offered, and every child and youth taught its truths.

The results of the past, effected under God's blessing, should strengthen our faith and enliven our zeal, for already have our Mission schools sent forth hundreds, almost thousands of youths converted from Romish error to the Gospel, occupying not only positions of usefulness in society, but many of them laborers in the vineyard of the Lord as Evangelists, Teachers, and Ministers in connection with the various branches of the Church of Christ. And to some of these Churches which in past times have liberally aided the Society, it has been able to render a fitting return—"the bread cast upon the waters having been found after many days"—in accessions to the ranks of their theological students, in additions to the membership of their Churches, and in the encouraging stations now occupied by their Missionaries and Pastors in which our Colporteurs and Evangelists had long labored.

These results will doubtless continue and this Society prove a successful pioneer to, and co-laborer with the Churches of all evangelical denominations.

The first department of our work to be reported upon is that of

EDUCATION.

The experience of each year strengthens the conviction, that to furnish a Scriptural education to the young French Canadians, is the best hope for the future of this Province. When we consider the prejudice, superstition and ignorance so prevalent, the dominant power of the priesthood over the people and their opposition to the circulation of the Word of God; we see how very difficult it is for the Missionary to accomplish much in the way of forming churches. This prejudice ordinarily must first be removed, and ignorance dispelled, before the Missionary will be listened to while he preaches the Gospel. It is no uncommon thing for our Colporteurs to report that after a family obtains a copy of the Scriptures, none in the house can read, and they have sent three or four miles for some one, probably taught at our Mission Schools, to come and read to

them during the long winter evenings; and that not in a few instances, the reading of the Bible which they had been taught was a bad book, has led to the conversion of the whole family to the Gospel. It will thus be seen that this Society is doing a pioneering work, aiding the various churches to extend the fields opened to them.

COLPORTAGE.

The other department of our work is that of Colportage, including the Bible and Tract Depository. The missionaries employed during the past year number thirteen, and in briefly describing the fields of labor, the Committee would gratefully acknowledge the services rendered in their difficult and self-denying work. To continue their arduous duties amidst privations from indifferent food and lodging, bad roads, extremes of heat and cold, but especially when met with continued refusal and insult, requires strong faith and unwearied toil. They deserve our warm sympathies and need our fervent prayers for guidance and protection.

The work of Colportage in this Province is especially difficult, because of the strong prejudices inculcated by the priests against the Bible, which need tact and patience to remove, and from the poverty, and want of education among the people, so that to sell or even lend the Scriptures is no easy task. These peculiar obstacles in circulating the Word of God need explanation to friends at a distance to account for the smallness of our sales, and to convince them that the preliminary work of removing prejudice and making the people to know and love the Bible, even if it has (with wise discretion) to be loaned or given—is really Bible Colportage work, as much as the digging and laying the foundation is an essential part of house building.

JOURNALS OF THE MISSIONARIES,

The following extracts show that through the blessing of God the labours of our Missionaries have produced abundant fruits, sufficient to strengthen our faith and stimulate us to increased efforts in this department of evangelistic work. The incidents given bring out clearly the mighty power of the Scriptures in enlightening and converting the benighted Romanists, and producing in them the faith and fruits of the Gospel. There is also painful demonstration of the deadly hatred of the priesthood to the Scriptures and their increased efforts to poison the minds of the people against them, but at the same time it is shown that while the priests are generally successful in preventing the reception of the Word of God, the people are proportionately eager to listen to its teachings and exposition.

In addition the growing independence of the people and their hatred of and diminished confidence in their priests, form an encouraging contrast.

1.—*Fruits of early labours*—*Bread cast upon the waters, found after many days.* I have met with several very interesting incidents this month. First, one who for many years would not allow the Saviour to be mentioned, is now converted with his two eldest sons. He reminded me that I had first spoken to him of the Saviour. He attends regularly Divine service on Sabbaths and the weekly prayer meeting.

Another person whom I had often seen when at T—— came up and shook hands in the most friendly way. I have known him for many years, and his conversion will not be surprising to me. A third man whom I had not met for eighteen years saluted me cordially on the street. I knew him before to be a devoted Romanist, and our intercourse was then friendly but limited. He now reads the WITNESS, not only the French column, but as he understands English, the paper generally. I hope to converse with him soon again. These three individuals are rich, and certainly not "winter Protestants."

A fourth whom I had known at Pointe-aux-Trembles over sixteen years ago, and who is now in business in Montreal, asked me into his store, where we had a long discussion before his clerks and customers on some of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, which I showed him from the Bible were unscriptural. All were very attentive, and we parted in the most friendly way. Next day he asked me to step in, and we had another amicable discussion.—E. R.

On the cars I was accosted by a young man going to Quebec, to engage as second mate on a vessel for England. He asked me if I remembered him, which I did not. He then said, "you sold me a Testament about seven years ago at B——, when the priest had a dispute with the School Commissioners. Since then I have been reading it, and have now no more faith in the Church of Rome, but try to follow the directions of the blessed book." He seemed quite in earnest, and his wife was of the same mind as himself, and he hoped before long to join a Protestant church. In the vessel he expected to have with him another French Canadian, with whom he was accustomed to read the Scriptures. I gave him an assortment of tracts when we parted. May the Lord bless him.—A. S.

Learning that Mr. A—— was very unwell, I went to see him. This man for many years would not listen to the truth, but some time ago I was very useful to him during sickness, and since then he often comes to see me and loves to hear me speak of the Saviour. When I arrived,

there were with the sick man, several persons who had formerly been much opposed, still I was able to read several chapters. It would seem as if the more the priest exhorted the people to be on their guard against my teaching, the more they liked to meet me. My conviction is, that when the French Canadians are somewhat more enlightened as to their spiritual wants, they will pay very little heed to the threats of the priests.
—E. R.

At St. A.— I visited a family, where Mr. Jamieson left a Bible some years ago. The husband is now a Protestant, but his wife a strict Romanist, has often told me she did not like Colporteurs to come to her house. However, the last time I visited the family she brought me the Bible, and sitting down with the others, all were very attentive to hear the Word of God.—I. M.

3. *The Word of God prized and searched.*—A woman said to me, "I have one of your books my daughter gave me. I read it and believe it to be the Word of God. When you pass this way again call in."

At L.— I called at a house where I had before left books, and while I was talking with the mistress several women came to look at my books. One of them said, "I know these are good for I have read them." I sold them three Testaments and one hundred tracts.—I. M.

I met with some women formerly ignorant of the Gospel, but who now read it with pleasure. One of them especially, was very bigoted, but she now attends a meeting I have established, which has been very useful. I like much to place a Bible in the houses, because I believe sooner or later it will produce fruit, seeing it teaches of that Light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—A. M. S.

A person living near me who has had a Testament for some time, and to whom I had lent several books, came recently to ask me to lend him a Bible, as he wished much to read the Old as well as the New Testament. I think both he and his wife will in time be led to accept the truth.

I gave a tract to a poor man, and next day he returned asking for a Testament for one of his friends.—D. G.

At A.— a woman who had read a Testament when in the United States, bought another for herself. At W.— I had some good conversations, and was able to leave several copies of the precious book.

At T.— I came across a man who had considerable knowledge of the Scriptures, and had left the Romish Church through reading them. We spent a pleasant season together. The priest of this place had brought some French Testaments (The Archbishop's edition) from Quebec,

but the people began to compare them with ours, so that the priest declared if he had known how they would use them, he would not have gotten them. I had to promise to visit them soon.—A. S.

CONCLUSION.

No one can calmly survey the astonishing changes that are rapidly taking place among the French Canadians—the shaking of old institutions—the restless and unsettled spirit which agitates men's minds—the encroachment of the most silly superstitions on the sacred precincts of religious truth, and that too, in an age distinguished for great intellectual energy, and the clear shining of the Gospel light—without being impressed with the conviction, that we are on the eve of some signal display of Almighty power and goodness. In a word, that Providence, by its "strange and wonderful work," is now preparing and moulding the French Canadians for the reception of the blessed Gospel of Christ Jesus. This long-hoped-for consummation, like most of the other great purposes of God, in this probationary world, we have reason to believe will be effected "through much tribulation." We pretend not to divine what trials are coming upon the Church, and what troubles on the world, or what share our French Protestants shall have in the contest. But when we contemplate the stupendous exertions making by the Romish Church, to bring its corruptions of the divine truth into places from whence they had been ejected, and especially the movements that are made to establish its spiritual despotism over the whole continent of America, it behoves the friends of the Reformation and Bible truths, with a corresponding zeal and exertion, to erect, upon every point where danger lies, a beacon, composed of "living members of Christ's body," from whence might stream forth into the surrounding darkness, the rays of divine light, to guide ignorant and erring sinners unto Christ, who is alone the Mediator with the Father.

To guide men to Christ,—to make them acquainted with the all-sufficiency of His character and work, that they may depend upon *Him alone* for salvation,—is the object of the Society, and the Committee humbly trust that they are carrying out this design with a simplicity of operation corresponding to the Christian spirit in which it was devised.

The Committee would therefore ask the continued prayers, liberality and active co-operation of all who feel an interest in the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom and the regeneration of our benighted countrymen.

Christian Miscellany.

PROTESTING TOO MUCH.



Y dear friends, a little while ago—no matter whether what I am about to say is history or parable—I was visiting a family, and found all the children (there were seven or eight of them) met together in one room, sitting quietly and orderly, and talking to one another about the unity of the family. This took place, it appears, once a week. They were explaining to one another why they ought to love each other; one said because they bore the same name; another said because they had the same father and mother; another, because they had pretty much the same prospects in life; and yet another said that, as they would *have* to live together, they had better live in unity and harmony, and so on. Well, what would be the first thought arising in your mind on hearing them making so much ado about the unity of the family? You would think it was a family where there was not very much unity, and where there might be a good deal of quarrelling going on. That feeling takes hold of me whenever I hear a good deal said about all the various reasons why Christians must love each other, and that they are members of one body. To be sure we are! But, my friends, we never feel that so much—at least, I think so from what I have oftentimes witnessed—as when we do not talk about it. I do not mean to say it is wrong to talk about it; it is a beautiful and most important subject. But I mean that when men are full of Christ, and talk about Christ, and of work for Christ, it so happens that coming out of such a meeting, one hardly knows who is a Presbyterian, or an Episcopalian, or anything-else.—*Monod.*

THREE-FOLD UNITY.

REV. W. NICHOLAS, Dublin, said, the Apostle, in this passage, assumed the essential unity of the body of Christ. Three ideas arose out of this unity. There must be unity of *sympathy*. What lessons of charity, and patience, and forbearance we may learn from a study of the sympathy which exists in the natural body. We have to rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep. There must be individual

sympathy, and there must be denominational sympathy. If we hear of the triumphs of our Independent brethren in Madagascar, or of the Baptists in India, or of the Methodists in Fiji, or of the Moravians in the frozen regions of the North, shall we harbour a feeling of disappointment that these successes are not achieved by our particular section of the Church? Surely that is not sympathy.

Let there also be unity in *co-operation*. There are no useless members in the body physical; so various denominations may be suited to particular kinds of work and particular classes of the people. Remember that God gave apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, and all for the work of the ministry and the edifying of the body of Christ. Finally; there should be a *visible unity* amongst Christians. There should be something in every place to show both to Ultramontanes and to infidels that there is a real living union between all the members of Christ's body. If you simply look at one member you cannot have any correct idea of the natural body. Such a visible unity may well be said to be represented by such gatherings as this Convention.

FAITH IN THE UNSEEN.

THE late Rev. S. Kilpin, of Exeter, speaking of his son, who died when he was young, says: My dear, dear boy said to me, before he was six years old, "Tell me, papa, how it is that we can love persons when we have not seen them?" "Ask yourself," I replied, "Who gave you your beaver hat?" "Grandpapa." "Do you love him?" "Yes." "Have you seen him?" "No." "Yet you love him. Why do you love him?" "Because I have heard you say such a number of pretty things about him." "Did you believe that what I said of him was true?" "Yes, to be sure I did." "Then you love him by faith, do you not?" "Yes." "So then, whom having not seen, we love; and though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." "But how?" "By faith, simple faith; we credit, fully credit, with the faith of assurance, whatever sweet things, great glorious things, Paul or Peter, John or Matthew, Isaiah or Moses, say of our Lord Christ; either of His willingness or ability to save, His kind reception of all that trust in Him, or His blessing upon all that wait for His salvation. They tell the truth concerning Him. We believe that truth, so shall we be saved. For His righteousness is unto all, and upon all them that believe; there is no difference.

THE SPOILED PAINTING.

WHEN Sir James Thornhill was painting the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's, he stepped back one day to see the effect of his work, and came, without observing it, so near the edge of the scaffolding that another step or two would have proved his death. A friend who was there and saw the danger, rushed forward and snatching up a brush, rubbed it straight over the painting; Sir James, transported with rage, sprang forward, to save his work, and received the explanation; "Sir, by spoiling the painting, I have saved the life of the painter."

And has not our heavenly Friend many times wrought thus to save a soul from death? Often in their blind idolatry, men have walked near the verge of utter and eternal ruin. And when nothing else would save them, God has broken their reverie by some strange and startling act; and when their rage and wrath was done, they have found that a kind heart guided the destroying hand, and that mercy presided at the ruin of their hopes and joys. Thus does the Lord, in His wisdom, mar the pride of our glory; but who that sees the mercy that he has in view, would not praise Him for His goodness? Who that has felt His chastening cannot bear witness to His love? Let us murmur no more at His chastisements; let us rather say in the words of the poet:

"I love to see my Father's hand,
Though oft it bears a rod;
'Twill lead me to the promised land,
The city of my God."

CONVALESCENCE.

It is a delightful thing, after a long helplessness, when our legs have been unable to support our weight, when our arms could lift nothing, our hands grasp nothing, when it was an effort to raise our head from the pillow, and it tired us even to speak in a whisper—it is a delightful thing to feel every member restored to its proper strength; to find that exercise of limb, of voice, of body, which had been so long a pain, become now a source of perpetual pleasure. This is delightful; it pays for many an hour of previous weakness. But it is infinitely more delightful to feel the change from weakness to strength in our souls; to feel the languor of selfishness changed for the vigor of benevolence; to feel thought, hope, faith, love, which before were lying, as it were, in helplessness, now bounding in vigorous activity; to find the soul, which had been so long stretched as upon the sick-bed of the earth, now able to stand upright, and looking and moving steadily towards Heaven.—*Dr. Arnold.*



THE IVORY PALM.

THERE are many kinds of palms besides the well known Date and Cocoa-nut Palms. Some of them are as curious as they are beautiful and useful.

We give a picture of the Ivory Palm, the nuts of which at first contain a clear liquid, which serves to refresh the weary traveller. This liquid, if allowed to stand, becomes like milk, then thickens into cream, next to the substance of butter, and at length is converted into hard pieces as white as ivory. From these pieces of vegetable ivory, heads to walking sticks and umbrellas are made, and also buttons and various trinkets.

The Cabbage Palm has a cluster of young leaves at the top of the tree, formed like a cabbage. They are tender when boiled, and resemble a cabbage or artichoke in taste.

The Wax Palm has received its name from the fact that the spaces between the leaves of a full grown tree are covered two inches thick with a coating of wax, of which excellent candles are made.

From the heart of the Sago Palm is gathered the useful article called pearl sago, used by us in making puddings, but which in the East is made into bread.

The Doum Palm, or "Ginger-Bread Tree," is so named because the thick, soft, brown rind of the fruit tastes somewhat like ginger-bread.

We might mention many other kinds of palms, all of which would supply illustrations of the care of God in providing for the wants of man; but we will take leave of these wonderful members of the vegetable kingdom in the words of Dr. George Smith, the Bishop of Victoria, who, in his travels in the East, came to a region where palm trees extensively flourish. He remarks, "The beautiful palm vegetating in the midst of barrenness, and deriving nourishment from the secret springs below, is a fine illustration of the Christian bringing forth the fruits of holiness in this world's wilderness, and having his soul sustained and strengthened by the secret supplies of Divine grace."

WHAT IS IT LIKE?

DR. DUFF, looking at what was still to be accomplished in that one field of Missionary labour, and the means we seem to possess for its accomplishment, remarked: "It is like endeavouring, by means of a few twinkling tapers to turn the darkness of midnight into the brightness of noonday; like endeavoring, by means of a few squibs and crackers, to demolish the stupendous fortress of Gibraltar; like attempting, by means of a few pocket-knives, to cut down the forests of the Norwegian hills; like attempting, by a few spades, to level the Appennines and the Alps; like attempting, by means of a few buckets, to drain the German and Atlantic Oceans; like endeavoring, by means of a web of gossamer, to capture the crocodile of the Nile, or the great whale of the Greenland sea."

One great and too common cause of distress is the secret maintaining some known sin. It puts out the eye of the soul, or dimmeth it and stupifies it, that it can neither see nor feel its own condition. But especially it provoketh God to withdraw himself, his comforts, and the assistance of his Spirit.—*Baxter's Saints' Rest.*

THE CONVERTED OXEN.

Our neighbor, Mr. Angle—that was not his name, but it will do just as well as the real name, for the purpose of this article—was a man of acute angles. In fact, his angles were so sharp as to amount to an unpleasant peculiarity. He found a great many things not quite right in the affairs of the neighborhood, and he had a fine faculty of letting people know what he thought. His rhetoric was quite energetic, and when any one met him it was not certain whether he might not say something sharp, or thrust his angular elbow into his side.

I wish not to be understood that Mr. Angle was dishonest, or untruthful, or hard-hearted. He was far from either of these faults. In fact, he was "honest to a fault," priding himself on stating any fact "exactly, with all its ins and outs," as he was wont to express it; and his heart was as tender as a child's to any appeal for pity from a real sufferer.

And yet he had a peevish irritability that was constantly showing itself in the house and by the way, when he sat down and when he rose up. To this general rule there was one exception. He fully believed his minister to be "just right." He had lived not far from him for many years, had been married by him, and had felt a kind of daily benediction from the good pastor. He had narrowly scanned his "walk and conversation," in that difficult and hard field. He had seen him going into the mountains and among the valleys of his rough parish, entering every house with a gentle dignity and Christian love that won him a welcome everywhere. "He was no rich man's minister," but he sought the poor and rich alike, with a fidelity that was as fruitful as it was marked.

Mr. Angle did not spare his approbation of the pastor—and knowing as I did that great winner of souls, I did not wonder—and he was wont to say, "He is a good man, and no mistake. If all church-members were only like him, we should be better off in these parts."

The pastor, like a wise man, chose his times and modes of approaching his unconverted parishioner on the one theme of his personal salvation. Now he sought to arouse his anxiety for his children—a house-full there was—and to ask if it were quite right to lay the whole burden of their religious training on his wife.

At another time a neighbor had died suddenly, leaving to his friends no cheering hope that he had attained "a better country;" and was it "right for Mr. Angle to leave the great thing undone?"

At another time he quoted to him the word of God, and brought the

authority of its statements as to man's ruin and salvation to bear on him. And it was no unfrequent thing for the pastor to kneel in Mr. Angle's house, to pray for him and his household.

Why wonder, then, that Mr. Angle became uneasy and disturbed concerning his relations to God as just, and Jesus Christ the only Saviour? He had tried sharp words with the pastor to parry his blows. He had enumerated a formidable list of faults in the "saints of the parish"—as he waspishly termed them; but it did not silence the one reply, "Well, Mr. Angle, and what good does all this do you? If these are what you say, does that make you what God says you must be?"

And sure enough, Mr. Angle broke down in the defence, as he ought to have done in so unworthy a cause, and in the use of such unworthy means. He seemed on the point of becoming a Christian.

But, as if his acute angles must be allowed a presentation even on so thrilling an occasion, he suddenly said to the pastor, "You know what a scold I have been; how I have fretted in the house, and 'picked at' my neighbors whenever I had a chance. Indeed, I am a very passionate man, and there is one thing that now worries me. You ask me to become a Christian, and I want to be one; but what shall I do when I drive the most contrary yoke of oxen that ever plagued a man? I am certain they will drive me distracted. And then the people will say, 'And so Angle is converted, is he?'"

Some may smile, but is not life made up of trials quite as trivial as that which Mr. Angle was mentioning to his minister?

"Never fear the oxen," said the pastor. "If you find them getting contrary, stop a little while, and think of him who to-day is asking for your heart."

My article needs only a conclusion. A day or two after this conversation, Mr. Angle told his minister that what was stranger than his own conversion was that of his oxen. "For since God put into my heart the hope that I am a Christian, my oxen have been all I wanted them to be!"

Do you laugh at the notion of Mr. Angle's "converted oxen?" Many a poor beast in yoke or harness has felt the whip, and heard the enraged words of savage men, who have vented the unrest and anger of their unconverted and unhappy hearts on the beasts they were driving. They try to apologise to themselves for this brutality by saying, as Mr. Angle did, that nobody ever had such vicious and contrary beasts as they. Nay, worse than this, some have displayed their ill-humor at the hearth-stone, at the table, and in the family, and felt themselves to be real martyrs to very unloving children and possibly very unsympathising

wives! The case is only to be changed a little, to suit many a fretful and scolding wife.

If such can get their hearts full of a new life by a true conversion to God, they will find in their surroundings a change quite similar to that which took place in Mr. Angle's oxen.

THE CASTAWAY.

A PASTOR related in my hearing, how he once had under his care a church blessed with many excellent women. One of the best of these, who had overworked herself, suddenly became, as she supposed, "a cast-away." She sent for her pastor, and confided to him her deplorable condition. She could not pray. To read the Bible was a hated task; she must be a castaway.

The pastor considered a while, then he said, "Have you confidence enough in me to do exactly what I tell you?"

"Certainly," she replied; she had all faith in her pastor's judgment.

"Put your hand in mine," he said. She obeyed. "Now give me your solemn promise never to open a Bible, or attempt to pray, until I give you leave."

After a moment's hesitation, she made the required promise, and the minister took his leave.

I think it was that very day, perhaps the day after, that a messenger came in hot haste for the minister to hurry to the good sister's house. With a quiet smile the pastor turned to that errand.

As he showed his face at the door, the sister rushed to him crying, "Release me! release me quick, or I shall pray! I must pray, I will pray—you shall not hinder me!" "Do pray," said her pastor; and that was the last of her being "a castaway."

MR. KELSEY retailed the rebukeful testimony of a little girl whom he had once questioned as to whether her parents were Christians; she did not know; they "didn't speak of Jesus." A father in the meeting told us of his son of eight years old who that morning was in great distress because his little sister had spoilt a small book he possessed, and which he wanted "to give to somebody to convert them." Mr. Larkins recommended the adoption of two things which he had adhered to in connection with his family, whether young or grown-up—the repetition by all of a verse of Scripture at the breakfast-table, and prayer not only for but *with* his children one by one.

THE LESSON OF THE MILL.

LISTEN to the water-mill
 Through the live-long day,
 How the clicking of the wheel
 Wears the hours away.
 Languidly the autumn wind
 Stirs the withered leaves ;
 On the fields the reapers sing,
 Binding up the sheaves.
 But a proverb haunts my mind,
 And as a spell is cast—
 "The mill will never grind
 With the water that has passed."

Autumn winds revivè no more
 Leaves strewn o'er earth and main ;
 And the sickle ne'er can reap
 The gathered grain again.
 But the rippling stream flows on,
 Tranquil, deep, and still,
 Never gliding back again
 To the water-mill.
 Truly speaks the proverb old,
 With a warning vast :
 "The mill will never grind
 With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
 Loving heart and true—
 Golden years are floating by,
 Youth is passing too.
 Learn to make the most of life,
 Lose no happy day ;
 Time will ne'er return
 Sweet joys neglected, thrown away.
 Leave no tender word unsaid,
 But love while love shall last—
 "The mill will never grind
 With the water that has passed."

Work while yet the sun doth shine,
 Man of strength and will ;
 Never does the streamlet glide
 Useless by the mill.
 Wait not until to-morrow's sun
 Beams brightly on the way ;
 All that thou canst call thine own
 Lies in the phrase "to-day."
 Power, intellect, and health
 Will not, cannot always last—
 "The mill will never grind
 With the water that has passed."

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

THE following incident shows the importance of speaking a word in season for Christ:—

“ ‘A word fitly spoken how good it is !’ How it fastens itself upon the conscience and the heart, and brings forth fruit in due season !

“More than fifteen years ago, when called to watch with an old gentleman, eighty-two years old, who had been a devoted Christian more than fifty years, who was totally blind, and suffered constantly with intense pain, I found him patiently bearing all, leaning on Christ. I was about sixteen years old, and as I entered the room, the lady introducing me, he said: ‘I want to take your hand in mine. And so you have come to sit up with me. I should think by your hand that you are a young man. I want to talk with you more by and by.’


“When the family had retired he asked me to place my hand again in his, and said: ‘I want to ask you a few questions. Are you a Christian?’ I thought I must answer honestly, and I said ‘No!’ ‘Do you mean to be some time?’ ‘Yes!’ ‘Well, then, what are you waiting for?’ I was speechless. But the questions were daily in my mind until I gave my heart to Christ.”

The stars which have least circuit are nearest the pole; and men whose hearts are least entangled with the world are always nearest to God, and to the assurance of his favour, Worldly Christians, remember this. You and the world must part, or else assurance and your souls will never meet.—*Thomas Crooks.*

HOW TO ESCAPE DOUBTS.—Are you in depths and doubts, staggering and uncertain, not knowing what is your condition, nor whether you have any interest in the forgiveness that is of God? Are you tossed up and down between hopes and fears, and want peace, consolation, and establishment? Why lie you upon your faces? Get up, watch, pray, fast, meditate, offer violence to your lusts and corruptions; fear not, startle not at their crying to be spared; press unto the throne of grace by prayer, supplications, importunities, restless requests; this is the way to take the kingdom of God. These things are not peace, are not assurance; but they are part of the means God hath appointed for the attainment of them.—*Owen on the 130th Psalm.*

Children's Treasury.

WHITE LIES.

NE day a little brother and sister were playing together. The brother cut a hole in his sister's dress. They both laughed, and the girl put her fingers in the hole and made it much larger. When her mother saw the hole she asked: "How did your dress get torn?" The little girl answered, "He cut it." She did not say anything about what *she* did, and so the little brother was punished for it all. Do you know of any body who tells *half-truth lies*? Some people call lies "white" when they have only a little untruth in them. All lies are *black* to God."—Mrs. W. F. Crafts.

A MANLY ANSWER.

FIVE boys, pupils in a boarding school, were in a room. Four of them, contrary to the express rules, engaged in a game of cards. The fifth was not standing and looking on to see how the game would go, but engaged in some work of his own. One of the players was called out.

"Come," said the others to their companion, "it is too bad to have the game stopped in the middle. Come and take his place."

"I do not know one card from another."

"That makes no difference. We will teach you. Come, do not let our sport be spoiled."

The boy perceived that this was the decisive moment. Ah! just such are the critical points, sometimes the turning points of life. His resolution was instantly taken. He made no excuse, but at once planted himself square upon principle.

"My Father does not wish me to play cards, and I shall not act contrary to his wishes."

This ended the matter. It done more: it established his position among his companions; it compelled their respect, and preserved him from temptation in future.

Such a boy inspires confidence. The incident may seem small in itself, but it gives better promise of the future than thousands of gold. Three sterling qualities are manifested: a conscientious regard for the

wishes of parents, superiority to fear of the ridicule of companions, and decision. These qualities form a shield and buckler to all temptation.

Years have passed. That boy became a man. Severe have been the temptations to which he has been exposed, but he has come forth as gold.

No parents weep, no friend blushes for him.—*Selected.*



A MOTHER'S LOVE.

If children only knew the loving care and unwearied labor bestowed upon them in early life by their mothers, surely they never would allow an unkind or cross word to escape their lips, or refuse to yield a ready obedience to their mother's wishes

Be to your mother what she is to you—a comfort, a joy, and a blessing. Say to yourself, I will do what my mother desires me to do: I will be what she wishes me to be.

'Tis sweet, 'tis very sweet to prove
A joy to one another.
I know my mother loveth me,
And I will love my mother.

BUILDING WITHOUT A PLAN.

WALTER, on his way to school, stopped in front of a lot which seemed to be graded for building, just as a load of lumber was being deposited on the spot.

"What are you going to build here Mr. Gracey?" asked he of the builder, who was standing by.

"I am going to put up a building Walter."

"What kind of a building is it to be, sir?"

"I don't exactly know yet."

"Are you going to build a barn?"

"Don't know yet, Walter, what it is to be."

"Well, that is queer, Mr. Gracey. How do you know you have brought the right lumber if you don't know what you are going to build?"

If Mr. Gracey was in earnest with Walter, he must have been a very foolish builder. And yet there are many young people who are getting ready to build just like Mr. Gracey. They grow up without any aim, forming habits without any model, and so have in after life but a mass of bad habits and a record of wasted opportunities. Have an aim and work hard to reach it. Never build without a plan.

YOU'LL SWEAR WITHOUT ME.

SEVERAL boys in the upper part of New York were playing with their tops, and one of the number feeling chagrined at his inability to come up to the mark of his playmates, began to swear roundly.

A Sunday School boy promptly said: "Johnnie, if you swear, I won't play with you!"

Johnnie very curtly answered: "I don't care, and I'll swear as much as I'm a mind to!"

Willie said: "Well, *you'll swear without me*;" and picking up his tops, he put them in his pockets, and moved on for home.

Johnnie saw Willie would do as he said, and feeling somewhat ashamed at his conduct, called out: "Willie, if you'll come back and play, *I won't swear any more!*"

Willie came back, and saying: "Johnnie, my Sunday School teacher says swearing is very wicked and wrong, and I dare not play with any boy who is wicked!"—resumed his play.

This was a little hero, who was not afraid to stand up like a brave soldier for the cause of pure speech and right morals, and in obedience to the commands of God.

DOING GOOD ERRANDS.

HESTER loved to do many things to help her mother, and have her call her a faithful servant when she did them well. One day she had been talking with her mother about God, when she quickly raised her head with a bright thought in her eyes, and said, "Why, mother, then God is sending us on errands all the time! I am his little errand girl, too."

"Yes, dear, he has given us errands to do, and plenty of time to do them in, and his Book to show us how we may rightly serve him. Every day we can tell how we try to do them, and ask him to help us, so that when he calls us, we may run to meet him, and give him our account."

"I like that," the little girl said, nestling back to her comfortable seat; "I like to be God's little errand girl."

"One of my errands is to take care of you," said her mother.

"And one of mine is to honour and obey you," said Hester.—*Young Reaper.*

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

ONCE there was a flock of sheep in a little green field shut in by a hedge. There was plenty of good grass in the field, and a pond of clear water to drink, and the good shepherd had taken pains to stop all the large gaps in the hedge, that the sheep might not easily get out.

But one day a foolish little lamb said to itself, "Why should we not go outside, where the grass is better? I will try to get out." So he managed to squeeze his way through a very small hole in the hedge. When he came to eat the grass outside, he found it was not so good as he expected; so he said, "I will go a little further; I know the way back, and can go home whenever I like." So on he went, further and further, and at last he strayed into a dark wood.

Here he quite lost his way, and while he was trying to find it the night came on. Now he began to wish himself safe back in his little field, and he could not help giving a little bleat for sorrow. Immediately he heard a wolf howl close to him, and in another minute the savage beast was upon him. Now, indeed, he bleated in good earnest, and he would have been torn to pieces if the good shepherd had not been passing by. The shepherd had heard him bleat the first time, and had run up to help him. So he attacked the wolf; though the wolf bit him, he drove the wolf away, and took up the little lamb in his arms, and carried him tenderly back to the field, telling him not to stray any more.

Jesus is the Good Shepherd; the wolf is the Evil One; we are the sheep; and our little field is our duty. When we stray from our duty, and do what we ought not to do, we put ourselves in the way of the Evil One.

But if we pray to Jesus, He will help us and bring us back safe. We ought not to be discouraged if sometimes we stray from our duty. We must try to do better next time, and we must ask Jesus to guide us; but we must not be discouraged, for Jesus Himself said, "I have come to save those that are lost."

THE TWO CHURCH BUILDERS.

A FAMOUS king would build a church,
A temple vast and grand:
And, that the praise might be his own,
He gave a strict command
That none should add the smallest gift
To aid the work he planned.

And when the mighty dome was done,
Within the noble frame
Upon a tablet, broad and fair,
In letters all a-flame
With burnished gold, the people read
The royal builder's name.

Now when the king, elate with pride,
That night had sought his bed,
He dreamed he saw an angel come,
(A halo round his head,
Erase the name, and quickly write
Another in its stead.

What could it mean? Three times that night
That wondrous vision came;
Three times he saw that angel hand
Erase the royal name,
And write a woman's in its stead,
In letters all a-flame.

Whose could it be? He gave command
To all about his throne
To seek the owner of the name
That on the tablet shone;
And so it was the courtiers found
A widow poor and lone.

The king, enraged at what he heard,
Cried, "Bring the culprit here!"
And to the woman trembling sore,
He said, "'Tis very clear

That you have broken my command ;
Now let the truth appear ! ”

“ Your Majesty,” the widow said,
“ I can’t deny the truth ;
I love the Lord—my Lord and yours—
And so in simple sooth,
I broke your majesty’s command,
(I crave your royal ruth !)

“ And since I had no money, Sir,
Why—I could only pray
That God would bless your Majesty ;
And when along the way
The horses drew the stones—I gave
To one a wisp of hay ! ”

“ Ah ! now I see,” the king exclaimed,
“ Self-glory was mine aim ;
The woman gave for love of God,
And not for worldly fame ;
’Tis my command the tablet bear
The pious widow’s name ! ”—*John G. Saxe.*

SMOKING.

Says C. Garret, “ Smoking is the first step on the wrong road.

“ I never see a young man shoking a cigar but I say to myself, that young man is taking the first step to ruin.”—J. A. James.

The master of the Edinburgh Reformatory lately said : “ We have eighty boys here—scarcely one who has not been a smoker or a chewer, most of them both.”

“ I believe that no one who smokes tobacco before the bodily powers are developed ever makes a strong vigorous man.”—Dr. Ferguson.

“ Shun smoking as you would self-destruction.”—Lancet.

ONE GENTLE WORD.

ONE gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed ;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing ?

“PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.”

“Without ceasing!” says some little one; “surely we cannot be always praying!” No, you cannot. You have many other things to do besides. When we are told in Scripture to “pray without ceasing,” it means that we are to pray *regularly*, whenever the appointed time for doing so comes round; and *constantly*, whenever we feel a need for prayer.

Just as the body cannot thrive without regular meals, so the soul cannot prosper without set seasons for prayer. And just as hard work, or cold weather, will sometimes make us feel hungry between meals, so there are times when the soul has a wish to pray before the set hour returns.

You can pray without going aside to kneel down. You can speak to God, and ask his blessing, when you are walking to school in the morning, or while you are in a railway carriage. “Those who “pray without ceasing,” are ready to pray wherever they are, and about all that they do.

A PRAYER.

Oh ! that mine eyes might closed be
 To what concerns me not to see ;
 That deafness might possess mine ear
 To what concerns me not to hear ;
 That truth my tongue might always tie
 From ever speaking foolishly ;
 That no vain thought might ever rest,
 Or be conceived within my breast ;
 That by each deed, and word, and thought,
 Glory may unto God be brought !

But what are wishes ! Lord, mine eye
 On thee is fixed, to thee I cry !
 Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
 And make it clean in every part ;
 And where 'tis clean, Lord, keep it too,
 For that is more than I can do.

Thomas Ellwood.

Book Reviews.

THE EXODUS, AND THE WANDERINGS IN THE WILDERNESS. By the Rev. Dr. Edersheim. London: The Religious Tract Society. Toronto: John Young, The Tract Society Rooms, Yonge Street.

The birth and youth of a great nation are always objects of interest to thoughtful men. As the boy is said to be the father of the man, so do we always see in the outset of a nation's history the germs of the qualities good or bad, that distinguish its riper days. On this account, the period covered by the central books of the Pentateuch, is of great importance in Old Testament history, not only as regards the Jews but also as regards the Church of all times. In God's seeming forgetfulness and his strange silence during Israel's bondage in Egypt; in his sudden awakening for their deliverance; in his long keen contest with Pharaoh; in the awful issue of the argument in the Red Sea; in the thunders of Sinai; in the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night; in Jordan and in Canaan, we have in type and symbol a grand display of the mysteries of our own redemption, sanctification and glorification. "The Old and New Testaments," says Dr. Edersheim, "are essentially one—not two covenants but one, gradually unfolding into full perfectness, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone of the foundation which is alike that of the apostles and prophets."

In explaining, defending, illustrating and applying this interesting period in the history of the Jews (in the history, we should have said, of God's Catholic Church), Dr. Edersheim possesses peculiar advantages that gives him a title to be heard with peculiar interest at this present time. He is himself a Christian Jew and therefore better fitted than Gentile Christians, however learned, to deal with Jewish history, controversies, and antiquities. Then, he is a Hebrew scholar, and in following the narrative of Israel's wanderings, he has, as he tells, us, made careful study of the Hebrew text with the help of the best critical works. Then, further, Dr. Edersheim possesses the advantage of having had ready to his hand recent geographical investigations on the eastern bank of the

Jordan, a country which is only now being laid open to our knowledge.*

The reader must not imagine that the book must be dry and dull because of these qualifications possessed by the editor. The fact that a workman has good skill and good tools is no reason that his workmanship should be heavy and clumsy, but a reason rather for lightness, beauty and finish. It is even so here. The book reads like a story, interspersed with descriptions of scenery, and discussions of knotty points; not forgetting the practical application of the truth to the conscience of the reader. Such are the books needed for Sabbath school and congregational libraries to drive out the drivelling, trashy, sentimental stuff that, under the garb of religious novels, is doing much to prepare the young for novels that are neither religious nor moral.

MR. WALLINGFORD'S MISTAKE. By Mrs. A. K. Dunning. Andrew Kennedy, London, Ont.

This is a temperance story, which, as the preface promises, "neither shocks by extravagance nor disgusts by vulgarity." Mr. George Wallingford was a gentleman of means and refinement, who taught his sons to take wine with him each day at table. His oldest son became a drunkard. Wounded in a drunken scrape he takes brain fever which lasted for some weeks, during which his life was despaired of. As he returned to consciousness he said to his wife: "I have been down to the borders of the grave, I have had a glimpse of the eternal world, and 'the pleasures of sin for a season,' shall be my choice no more." Contrary to the usual issue of such vows he kept them. He became a sober man, a Christian, a minister of the Gospel. Did he train up his boys to take their wine? "The death-dealing poison shall never have a place within my house," was his motto. This is an excellent book for Temperance Society Libraries especially, seeing it gives to Christ, His spirit and His Church, their own place in the grand temperance reformation of the day which is necessary to the permanent success of the temperance movement.

* We refer here to the regular Ordnance Survey made recently under the direction of Sir Henry James, R. E., by Capts. Wilson and Palmer, R. E., etc. The result has been published in a folio volume with maps and photographic illustrations.